



Dear
Eleven

Dear Eleven by [disneyprincess315](#)

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-08-09 10:08:45

Updated: 2017-08-27 17:27:23

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:27:05

Rating: K

Chapters: 10

Words: 5,683

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Eleven, this letter's purpose is to show you a new side to your relationship with the person who means the most to you." Counterpart to Dear Mike. Mileven.

1. Introduction

Eleven-

Hey sweetie.

I don't know where you are right now or if you're even safe (gosh, I hope you're safe) but I do know that you're alive. I believe that because you're reading this right now.

I also know that you're hurting. Oh my gosh, you're hurting more than any person deserves. Physically, I don't know what condition you're in but on the inside, something's gnawing at your heart and your mind, something's ripping you apart. It's something you can't quite place, but you hate it.

You miss them. You miss

him.

Mike.

You miss his smile. You miss his voice. You miss his warmth. You miss everything about him. You miss everything you had with him. You miss everything he gave you.

There's no doubt in my mind that you're trying to get back. You want that life again, you want to be surrounded by people who recognize you as a person and to be treated once again with that level of kindness. But more importantly, you desperately want Mike. All you want right now is for him to hold you and show the world to you in his own, special way that he knows you understand and make you feel warm and cared for again. I know you don't know the word for that yet, but don't worry, we'll get there.

This letter's purpose is not to contribute to that gaping hole of longing that's overtaking your mind. Trust me, I know it hurts. Bad. No, this is to show you a new side to your relationship with the person who means the most to you.

Because you deserve to know how much you mean to him.

2. Chapter One

You were terrified.

They had found you. Somehow, the bad men had found you. So you ran, frantically trying to forget the image of that nice man being shot down. You ran. And ran. And ran

right into them. When their lights hit your face, you froze, paralyzed and shivering. You were exhausted from running blindly through the trees and as the rain poured down your face, all you could do was stare back at the three figures. You didn't know who they were or why they were there, but it was either keep running or trust that they could get you the help you desperately needed.

Thank goodness you trusted them.

He was in awe, on the other hand. It wasn't everyday that kids his age found other kids his age in a forest in the middle of the night. But I know neither of you would trade your meeting for the world.

He was in awe, but he was also becoming increasingly worried. The look on your face was tugging at his heart and the fact that it was November and you were standing in the rain with only an oversized t-shirt on made it worse.

Watching you stand there, completely vulnerable and helpless, sparked something in him. He forgot what he was there for, he forgot that he had school the next day, he forgot that they weren't even supposed to be out there in the first place. The only thing he knew then was that he had to save you. He didn't know you had powers, he didn't know you were connected to Will's disappearance, he didn't know how deeply he would care for you down the road. All he knew was that he had to take you home. He had to take care of you.

The rest of the night went by in a blur. You remember him handing you his coat, you remember them taking you to his house and then, before you knew it, you were in dry clothes and he was helping set up a fort for you to spend the night.

If there's one place you wish you could be right now, it's back in that fort in his basement, the blankets protecting you from the world, with the knowledge that he's safe and close by.

You finally learned his name. Mike. Short for Michael.

You still whisper that name to yourself every night.

You also got a new name that night. It wasn't a number, it wasn't a code name, it was a real, genuine name. El.

He still whispers that name to himself every night.

You said goodnight to each other, he pulled the blanket over the entrance and you laid down among the pillows of the fort. Despite the thunder booming outside and the events that had happened in the past twenty-four hours, you felt weirdly at peace. There was something about him that calmed you and helped slow your racing mind. You drifted off to sleep within seconds.

The next morning, he lifted up the blanket and presented you with the solution he had come up with during the night. Your safety had become his top priority and he explained his plan to get you help. The only problem was, his plan revolved around his mom being the one to help you.

You knew that wouldn't work. Getting an adult involved would ultimately end up with someone getting hurt and you getting dragged back to the lab. When he asked if you were in trouble, you felt your insides sink. You didn't want to scare him away...but he deserved to know. He had to know and your only choice was to trust him.

Within a minute, he knew that bad people were after you. He knew they wanted to hurt you. He knew that you were in danger.

El? Mike let you stay.

He could've ignored your warning not to tell his mom and told her anyway. He could've called the police. He could've kicked you out of his house right then and there, but he didn't.

Instead, he trusted you. Just as you had trusted him.

3. Chapter Two

To him, his world was bland and boring. It was the same thing every day-wake up, eat breakfast with his disengaged family, ride to school, learn stuff, hang with his friends, come home, do homework, eat dinner with his family that was still disengaged, go to bed. That was it. That was Hawkins.

Speaking of school, he had a perfect attendance rate. He liked school. He liked learning and talking with his teachers and seeing his friends.

But Mike didn't go to school that day. He broke his attendance streak. Because he wanted to stay with you.

You were a little overwhelmed as you explored his home. There were all sorts of gadgets and gizmos that you had never seen before and while they all interested you, it was a lot to take in. You felt guilty that Mike was constantly having to explain everything you were looking at, especially since you would find something new almost every second. You felt guilty, but gosh, were you grateful.

Mike loved it, though. Like I said earlier, he perceived his world as dull and tasteless. It was what he had known his whole life.

But watching you experience his world for the first time filled him with a bubbling happiness. Your curiosity for life and what surrounded you was something he had lost a long time ago. He had forgotten how many wonders were hidden in his supposedly monotone house. You showed him how fascinating even the smallest things in life could be.

So know that he didn't mind showing you his Star Wars action figures. He didn't mind explaining the pictures on his mantle to you. But his favorite part was when you discovered the La-Z Boy.

Everyone he knew knew what a La-Z Boy did. Even him and his friends had gotten bored with it. However, you still had yet to find out its secrets and he couldn't have been more excited to show you.

The look on your face when he pulled that lever lit up his entire

world. It was the first time he had seen you genuinely smile and your happiness was contagious. He laughed as you pulled back the lever for yourself and that same smile he adored spread across your face. To him, getting to see you smile like that was one-hundred percent worth skipping school for.

Don't you dare feel bad that your knowledge of the world was limited. Don't apologize for all the definitions he had to give you. Because the truth is, Mike was learning from you just as much as you were learning from him.

El, you taught him that curious fascination. To this day, he still hasn't lost it.

4. Chapter Three

I have no idea how you knew.

I don't think you have any idea how you knew either.

Maybe it was because he was being quieter than usual. Maybe you saw it in his face or in his posture as he walked next to you. Maybe it was something else entirely, but you could tell he had been hurt. And it hadn't been an accident.

Why anyone would want to hurt Mike was a mystery to you, so you waited until the two of you were ahead of Dustin and Lucas to quietly ask him about it, pointing to the scab on his chin.

You could tell his response was a lie. He hadn't just fallen at recess and something inside you told you that. Friends tell the truth, you reminded him.

That line got him every time.

He sighed, debating his options in his head. You had asked so gently, so innocently. And you were right-friends *did* tell each other the truth.

It took a lot of courage on his part to admit that he got bullied at school. Him and his friends were defenseless nerds and he didn't want you to realize that. It was nothing personal, but him telling you that put him in a vulnerable position and he really hoped you wouldn't make fun of him for it. He didn't want you to think he was a waistoid and that you were wasting your time with people like them.

That thought never even crossed your mind. You got it. Bullies were something you had a concept of and you were grateful he had the guts to tell you. You would never have even thought to judge him for that. You understood and you told him that in the kindest way possible.

He was shocked. He had been certain you would laugh at him or at least think he was weird for how he got treated at school. That's what

everyone else did. Everyone else just saw him and his friends as those science dorks that played D&D on the weekends. That was it-that was their reputation.

You weren't everyone else. You couldn't care less about the way his peers treated him. I can't tell you enough how much it meant to him that you understood.

After exchanging "cool"s, you looked back down at the ground, your thoughts on Will and the task ahead of you. Though you would never admit it, some of them were about Mike as well.

But, little did you know that he watched your gaze turn downwards.

Once he saw you weren't looking, he shot you a side smile that would've made you feel warm all the way from your head down to your toes.

You understood. When no one else did.

5. Chapter Four

You met those mouth breathers the next day. Even now, the thought of them makes your blood boil. You had come in contact with mean people before, but two thirteen-year old bullies? You absolutely couldn't stand them.

That morning had been an...interesting experience for you. Without an explanation, the boys had handed you a dress and a wig and after Mike brushed your face with something you didn't recognize, just like that, you looked like an entirely different person.

Butterflies soared through your stomach when he called you pretty. Pretty was a word you understood. It wasn't one you had ever used to describe yourself, and yet Michael Wheeler thought you were the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

He hasn't seen anything prettier since.

You still felt a little light-headed from the way his eyes had been looking into yours in that moment as you climbed onto the back of his bike. You didn't know where the group was headed, but you didn't care, as long as it meant you got to ride with Mike.

As it turns out, the world is huge. You couldn't stop staring at all the buildings and cars as you clung to his backpack, amazed at everything humans had managed to build. He, on the other hand, was having to force his mind to focus on the road and not on the pretty girl behind him.

When the four of you finally arrived at school and burst into the auditorium, the sheer number of kids your age packed into the bleachers shocked you. You had never seen this many young people in one place before and you hurriedly followed the boys into the stands, very much wanting them to stop staring at you.

You hadn't been there for very long before you saw Lucas's head turn, followed by Mike's. When you followed their gaze, you knew exactly who they were watching.

Their names were Troy and James. These were the mouth breathers.

There wasn't any doubt about it. The way Mike's face went dark and the way his body tensed up told you everything you needed to know. Those two boys were the ones that had tripped Mike yesterday and were now sniggering at everything the man at the front of the room was saying. "Mouth breather" you whispered, causing Mike to glance over at you, surprised. He had taught you that word. And you knew exactly how to use it.

He spent the rest of the assembly seething. They were laughing about Will. They were laughing about his best friend. And he hated it.

When the assembly was over, you didn't even hesitate to follow him as he called out Troy's name. You were more than happy to confront these boys that had hurt your friends and especially since they hurt Mike.

The things he said to them made you proud to be standing beside him. Take that, mouth breathers, you thought silently.

To your dismay, they didn't back down. They didn't apologize. Instead they scoffed and fired insult after sickening insult about Will back into Mike's face. As they laughed at their own horrible jokes and started walking away, you were stunned. The entire school had just witnessed this terrible exchange and no one was doing a thing about it. Troy and James were getting away with every word they had just said.

El, I'm going to pause right here to tell you something. They had always gotten away with it.

Mike and his three friends went through this almost every day. When they saw Troy and James headed their way, they would cringe. Everyday, there were nicknames, there were insults, there was intimidation. The four boys absolutely dreaded it...but they knew they couldn't do anything about it. They would always just stand there and take the blows, physical and verbal.

It's not like they were okay with constantly getting bullied, but Troy and James were bigger and stronger than them, and they knew it.

Telling an adult had never worked, so this horrible little routine was just something they learned to dread. None of them had ever, ever stood up for themselves.

Lucas and Dustin were completely taken by surprise when Mike decided to fight back. That was something they wouldn't have dared to do. It was something *he* wouldn't have dared to do. But this time, something was different.

El. You were standing right beside him. With you, he felt invincible.

It wasn't your powers that gave him the courage to call Troy and James out for their actions. It wasn't the knowledge of your abilities that filled him with the bravery to say that what they were doing was wrong.

All Mike needed was your presence and the fact that you supported him.

You could feel the hatred bubbling inside you and the pure anger flowing off of him as they walked away. On any other day, he would've dropped it and regretted not sticking up for him and his friends. But because of you, today was not any other day.

So he walked up behind Troy and shoved the boy, blinded by the confidence you had given him and the anger he had kept locked away for all those years.

Mike stood his ground as Troy slammed into the floor. You watched the fallen boy scramble up as quickly as he had gone down, screaming threats at Mike. Don't hurt him, you silently commanded.

Troy froze in his tracks. Figuring he absolutely deserved a little public humiliation, you found his bladder in your mind and squeezed. That's for hurting my friends and especially hurting Mike, you thought.

Mike couldn't believe it. As the entire school laughed and pointed at Troy, he turned around to the person he knew was behind this. The look on his face made everything worth it as he stared at you, bewildered and elated. You shot him the teensiest smile, seeing the

gratitude in his eyes. The little spin you did as you walked away made his heart swell. He couldn't stop grinning as his friends pulled him away before the teachers could see.

Let's review. You gave Mike the confidence to stand up to his bullies just by being there and publicly embarrassed them in front of their peers, making Mike fall a little bit more in love with you.

And he called you pretty.

Not bad for one day.

6. Chapter Five & Chapter Six

They couldn't reach the gate.

You wouldn't let them reach the gate, the gate you personally opened.

But they didn't know that detail or what they were willingly walking towards. You had seen what that gate had done. You had seen what came out of it. You had seen its location and there was no way in heck you were going to let them go to that place. The place that still tortures you with nightmares.

You had to protect your friends. They didn't understand and you didn't want them to understand, but you couldn't just let them walk right into danger. Grabbing Mike's sleeve, you begged him to turn back. The thought of him in particular going to the gate terrified you.

Despite your verbal efforts, the group kept moving forward. With every step, your mind raced, desperately trying to come up with a way to stop them.

The compasses. You really didn't want to, but it was the only way to put as much distance as possible between the people you cared about and the gate. Your powers buzzed to life and you mentally gave the needles of their compasses a subtle push, relieved when the boys shifted in that direction as well.

The guilt settled in your chest as they moved farther and farther from the gate's actual location. Your thoughts were screaming at you to tell them what you had done, but you kept quiet.

El, you made the right decision. I know the consequences were painful. I know you regret not telling the boys your actions until it was too late. But they had no idea what they would've gotten themselves into. They would've gotten hurt and you know it. Mike would've gotten hurt and you know it.

Speaking of Mike...

You were just trying to defend him. Just as he had defended you.

Dustin was the one who finally realized their compasses had been tampered with. Lucas was the one who finally realized what you had done.

I know you don't want to relive what Lucas said to you or what he said to Mike. Mike was fighting hard for you, something you were incredibly thankful for, but the things Lucas said cut straight through your core. They weren't even close to true, but they still hurt. The pain worsened when Mike threw himself at Lucas. Because of you.

It wasn't your fault. Please, if you hear nothing else, know their fight wasn't your fault. Mike would say the same thing.

As soon as you threw Lucas off of Mike with your powers, you regretted your decision. When you saw he wasn't moving, that emotion grew. But it became unbearable when Mike shouted things at you that would echo in your head for the next several hours.

Once those words had left his mouth, you ran. And ran. And ran until finally you collapsed, sobbing in the woods. You hated this feeling. You absolutely hated how the regret ripped through your heart. You couldn't breathe, couldn't walk, and couldn't stop crying. You could barely even think anything besides how much you wished you could redo everything that just happened.

But, little did you know, you weren't the only one in that state of anguish.

For about an hour the next morning, he sat on his basement couch, the same one you had sat on when they brought you home. Much like you, Mike couldn't stop thinking through his actions of the previous afternoon. Staring at your blanket fort only made the pain worse, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the thing that reminded him of you. He was furious with himself that he had hurt you. Regret was filling him too as he replayed his words in his head. He didn't mean them and he hated that he couldn't tell you that.

Don't freak out, but when his anger and regret reached its boiling point, he ran over to your fort and kicked it with everything he had,

wanting to scream at how stupid he had been. The blankets fell and your shelter collapsed. As did his emotions. That fort was everything to him.

It is everything to him.

Silently crying, Mike put your fort back up.

It's still standing.

Nine months that fort has stood in the Wheeler basement. It endured his rage during that fateful week and since then, it's endured the countless nights Mike has spent crying inside its blanket walls, the same ones that sheltered you the first night you had ever felt safe in your life. He's never going to take that fort down again. It means the world to him.

You mean the world to him.

He forgives you for what you did that day, just as I know you forgive him for what he did.

The blanket fort is just another symbol of that.

7. Chapter Seven

Walking into his basement had never felt so good. You'd never been more happy to be back somewhere in your entire life.

As soon as you stepped through the door, your senses were flooded with familiarity, and while that had happened plenty of times before in your life, you had so dearly missed the peace and comfort of the Wheeler basement. You'd only been away for less than twenty-four hours, but gosh, did the familiar warmth feel good.

He leads you by the hand to his bathroom. Still shaken up from what you had both just experienced, you quietly watch him as he cleans the dirt and grime off your face, never wanting to leave this space again.

When he's finished, you turn towards the mirror and your insides sink as you touch the place where the blonde wig had rested. With it, you were pretty. With the stuff on your face, you were pretty. But without it?

Really pretty.

You smile back at your reflection when Mike tells you that. I hope you know he wasn't lying.

A warm, glowing sensation has spread throughout your chest. You're back in the Wheeler basement, Mike is standing next to you and you feel confident that you don't need to worry about your appearance. You couldn't ask for anything more.

You hear him timidly say your name. The name that, you're reminded once again, he gave you. "Yes?" you reply, anticipation bubbling in your chest. "I'm happy you're home," he says.

You don't even have to think about it. "Me too."

Home.

Home wasn't a fluorescent-lit room with an uncomfortable bed and tiled walls. Home wasn't that awful, confined, pitch black space with

a door that shut you in. Home wasn't the empty, desolate place the bath forced you into. Home wasn't a man who makes you want to cry every time the thought of him slips into your head.

Home is the soft, inviting couch that sits against the farthest wall. Home is the table where a fantasy game spends its days, waiting to be explored. Home is the blankets draped over a desk, acting as your shelter and protection.

Home is the people who changed your life in seven days.

Home is him.

Home is the boy your feet are moving you towards. You don't remember telling them to do that, but the only thing you're aware of are his eyes and the feeling that you're falling farther and farther into their gorgeous perfection. Your heart is hammering in your rib cage as you realize how close you are to him and how you don't mind one bit. You haven't a clue what you want the outcome of this to be, but in this moment, the intensity of his gaze is home.

Home

is Mike.

8. Chapter Eight (Part One)

El, I wrote a letter like this one to Mike as well. Yes, it was about you and yes, he's read it (I hope). The last chapter of his was extremely painful for me to write. I can't imagine how much it will hurt him when-no, *if* he decides to read it. I know you know why. I know you know how this week ended and I know you know what you did and why you did it. And yes, Mike knows now. He needed to know.

So why talk about the negative, excruciatingly painful ending to this story, when you've been through enough? You didn't deserve what happened and you don't deserve to be put through that pain again, although I know it still tears you apart every single day. But what you do deserve is an answer, an explanation.

Mike made you feel...things. I know you can't really describe them and that's okay. Because I get it. Never in your life had you been exposed to the emotions he stirred in you, and while they're the most wonderful emotions you've ever felt, no one ever gave you the words to explain them.

I would be more than happy to do that to conclude this letter. But, here's the thing. I know how much you adore it when Mike explains the world to you. He does it in a way you understand perfectly and with a tone that makes you smile. I, unfortunately, am not Mike. If you want him to be the one to give you all these definitions, that is totally and completely fine with me. You can skip to the end of this letter if that's the case, you won't hurt my feelings. However, if you're tired of not being able to match words to your feelings, keep reading.

You remember the first time you ever felt...different towards Mike. It happened the day after they found you shivering in the woods. Up until that point, you'd thought he was nice and you appreciated how gentle he was with you, but you were still too scared out of your mind to give him a second thought. Exploring his home the next day was fascinating, but you were too distracted by all the new information being thrown at you to pay much attention to him.

But then his mom came home. Then he pulled you back into his room. Then he opened his closet door. Then he taught you "promise".

Then he shut you in.

When he reopened that door, tears blurred your vision and you were still shaking, but the second your eyes met his, something clicked. The concern in his eyes and the fact that he had come back for you hit you with a wave of warmth and disorienting happiness. From that moment on, when he glanced at you, your stomach would flip. When he gave you his watch, you cherished it with your life. When he offered you the backseat on his bike, you would gladly agree, secretly enjoying being that close to him.

At this point, you "liked" Mike. That's the name for the feelings in stage one of this deliciously crazy process.

"Crush" happened when he called you pretty. Having a crush on someone means...well...El, you've felt it. It's similar to "liking" someone, only it's stronger. You felt more comfortable around him, even though at times, his sheer presence alone made you feel like you couldn't breathe. There was a growing need to be beside him and you trusted him more and more. Dustin and Lucas were great, but there was something special about Mike. There always had been, but that feeling was rapidly growing the more time you spent with him.

Running away from him was one of the worst things you had ever done. The stubborn part of you wouldn't let you go back, so you suffered through the night without any of them, wondering why thoughts of Mike wouldn't leave your mind.

The third stage started in that time frame from when you caught him mid-air after he jumped off that cliff to when he pulled you into his arms and held you close.

Love. It's four letters, but gosh, is it a powerful word. I've used it a couple times in this letter and I apologize, because then it didn't hold the same weight as I use it now. I don't want to be the one to give you the definition of love. Mike should be the one to do that. All you need to know is it was what was overwhelming you when he gently told you you weren't the monster. It was the invisible force that tugged you forward as you stared into his eyes that afternoon in his basement bathroom. It was the reason you clung so tightly to his jacket after you flipped the van.

It's the explanation why it was so insanely, horribly painful to say goodbye.

9. Chapter Eight (Part Two)

And now we get to the fun part. What happened in the Hawkins Middle School cafeteria on the night of November 12th.

He legitimately had been thinking about your future. Even with everything going on around Will and trying to hide you from his parents, he had given some serious thought as to what would happen to you after life went back to normal. The best part of his plan was that it perfectly matched up with how you wanted your life to be. It included everything you could ever need-a caring family, a safe and secure house, Eggos and most importantly, Mike.

Eventually, you got on the topic of your relationship. It started when he hurriedly shot down the idea of him being like your brother. You were secretly relieved that he also knew there was something way more between you two, but you wanted to make sure. "Why no?" "Cause...cause it's different" he stammered. "Why?"

You knew why. You just wanted to hear him say it.

Which he never did. He never had to. His actions spoke louder than his words.

There came a point in the conversation where he realized he wouldn't be able to properly explain what he was really trying to say. His sentence trailed off and he looked into your eyes in a way that made your heart beat wildly, with a passion that encompassed everything that had grown between the two of you in the past week. Before you had time to process anything else, he leaned in towards you and put his lips against yours. A thousand emotions exploded inside you and you had never been this happy in your entire life. You were surprised, but you never wanted it to end.

It's called a kiss. It's what people who really, really love each other do.

Michael Wheeler kissed you.

Michael Wheeler loves you.

10. Conclusion

Mike fell asleep in your fort again last night, El. He ran down there after dinner, collapsed within its blanket walls and sobbed until his throat was raw.

It hurts. He's tried to move on, but it's never lasted more than a day. Your connection became one of the most important things in the world to him and he can barely stand to go on without it.

If that's his condition, I can't even imagine yours.

You need each other, plain and simple. It was only seven days, technically six, when you think about it, but it was the best and worst six days of your lives. Those days changed him and those days changed you. Now that the two of you have experienced life by the other's side, you can't go back.

El, Mike's falling apart without you. And you're falling apart without him.

Please hurry.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

A/N: Thank you from the bottom of my heart for taking the time to read all the way through! It means so much to me! And a special shout out to all of you who reviewed-your kind words made me so happy! I may or may not have more Mileven fanfiction coming #soon, so keep an eye out for that!

Also, you guys, we have exactly two months to go until Season Two comes out! To my fellow completely obsessed Mileven shippers (and ST fans in general), hang in there, we're gonna make it!

I love you all! :)